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VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1835.

[No. 10.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROPHECY.

ANCIENT OF Days—Eternal God! when full
The awful vision of thy glory burst
On the rapt prophet's view—and round thy throne
The living stream of fire rolled, and bands
Of angel forms, thy shining ministers;
Thousands with thousands joined, ten thousand times
Ten thousand bowing there in love and fear;
Rank upon rank, radiant glory linked,
And when the voice of high and solemn words
Breathed on the throbbing silence, and the books
Were opened, and the solemn judgement set,
There with the clouds of heaven robed, he saw
One like the Son of Man approach the throne,
And unto Him a glorious name was given,
Dominion, power, majesty and strength,
That all the nations, people, languages
Which the wide earth inhabit, from the sea,
Strong with its giant waves, e'en to the plains,
And mountains high, and deserts drear and vast
With all their living things should worship Him,
Founded in lasting strength—by God's right arm
Wrought out a glorious heritage of Love!
That blest dominion shall not pass away—
That holy kingdom never be destroyed!

REGNER.

ORIGINAL TALES.

The Heiress.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on his god when he sets,
The same look that he turned when he rose.
Moore.

THE night was dark and awfully tempestuous. Loud peals of thunder rolled along the sky, like the chariot wheels of the Almighty when He visiteth the nations in His wrath. The strong trees shook their lofty heads angrily, and tossed their green branches to the sweeping gale. The rocks groaned as with fear, while the mountain torrents rushed down the steep and broken declivities, and plunged into the broad river that roared and dashed its dark waters upon the ragged shore.

On the banks of that river stood a lone cottage, concealed from the view of man, even from that of the wild hunter of the forest, by large trees and thick brambles. It was inhabited by two young females, who sat alone in that dread hour, and listened to the deep-toned and awful voice of the storm-god, and watched the quick glance of his fiery eye as it flashed upon the polished walls of their lowly dwelling. No claim of kindred bound them to each other, and yet they were inseparable.—Against the casement of one of the windows leaned a young creature, delicately fair and beautiful. Her white polished forehead

rested upon her hand, and her little taper fingers were interwoven with her light auburn curls. Her mild blue eyes were turned anxiously toward the window, as if she would penetrate the thick darkness with which earth was enshrouded. She was attired in a white muslin dress; her delicate and slender arms, bare almost to the shoulders, were encircled with golden bracelets, inwrought with brilliant gems. Long she stood and gazed upon the ambient darkness, listening to the warring of the elements. Then, as if weary with watching, she turned away, sighed heavily, and wiped the fast-coming tears from her languid eyes. Such was Adelia Redmond.

In one corner of the room stood a low couch, and the white canopy that shaded it seemed to the fanciful eye like the fair wing of a seraph, unfurled to guard the slumbers of the pure being who slept beneath it. With a light step Adelia approached the side of the couch, and bending, gazed tenderly upon the features of her infant boy. Sweetly he slept. One little hand was pressed, as if in sorrow, upon his baby brow, and for a moment his soft lips quivered, as if his innocent heart had known something of life's bitterness. The lips of Adelia were pressed to those of her sleeping boy, with all a mother's tenderness, and the warm tears fell upon his cherub face. "I will not waken thee, my darling!" she murmured; "sleep on, and angels be thy watchers."

Turn we now to her companion. On a low ottoman, her arms folded in thoughtful, fearful silence, and her eye full of the eloquence of fear, sat Miriam Redmond.—She was a timid girl, and her whole frame shook with terror. For a brief moment the elements were hushed, and the stillness of death pervaded a dark, rayless world.—Again loud peals of thunder rolled along the concave of heaven—then another, louder and more awful, as if Jehovah's throne were rent assunder, and the lightning's flash, terrible and withering, glared and quivered upon the wall.

"God of mercy, save us in this dread hour!" shrieked the horror-stricken Miriam, and she clasped her hands and raised them to heaven.

"Miriam, dear Miriam, fear not. God and his holy angels watch over us!" cried Adelia, flinging her arms around her.

"Heard you not that!" again shrieked the terrified girl. "The heavens and earth are sundered, and we are sinking—sink-

ing—" and she gasped and fell back on the ottoman, fainting, but still convulsed as if with remembered terror. As Adelia looked upon the deathlike face before her, she felt a quivering as of fear run through her frame, and she pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Oh, Memory!—must thou again be awakened? Would that I could banish thee from my soul. That awful scene revives and lives in all its horror."

Springing from the ottoman upon which she had fallen,—"Miriam!" she cried, "awake—awake! Hast gone to tell Hartland of my misery? Oh, it will glad him, and the gnomes will fly terrified from his demon-laugh, when he knows how well he is avenged."

Snatching a bottle of hartshorn from a table near her, Adelia applied it to the nostrils of her friend, and bathed her temples. But she seemed to do it without thought or feeling, for her own reason was not perfectly restored, her mind was strangely agitated and acted upon by some mysterious influence.

Miriam by degrees revived, and when she raised her eyes she saw Adelia standing before her, with her arms folded, gazing upon her with mute yet earnest solicitude. Neither spoke. They seemed entranced. The sweet, mild voice of the infant rose upon the brief stillness, breaking the spell that bound them, and calling them again to life and action. Adelia flew to her waking boy, and clasping her arms tenderly around him, "Hush thee, my dearest," she softly whispered, "sleep on, for thy mother guards thee."

As if from intuitive obedience, the fair child closed his eyes, and was again wrapt in the soft drapery of slumber.

"Kind sister," said Miriam, in a low, tremulous voice, "sit near me—that fearful dream hath a strange influence. This is an awful hour—my sickened soul is shrouded in darkness."

The fair arms of Adelia were twined around the neck of her friend. She was bound to that strange being by a strange love, the source of which she questioned not. The soul of Adelia soared above the dark prejudices which keep so many vigorous minds in thrall.

Miriam was beautiful—in form, elegant and graceful; in height, rather below the middle size. Her features were regular and faultless. A profusion of dark, glossy hair clustered around her dusky temples,

but was parted smoothly above her high, polished brow. Her complexion was of a clear, bright olive, with a faint tint of carnation, that seemed melting through her cheek, which at times became brilliant and glowing. She was usually rather pale, but her dark bright eyes gave animation to her whole countenance, and, when she spoke seemed to emit flashes of light.—And Adelia loved her with a love that knew no change—deep, fervent, indissoluble.

Faintly whispered the dark-eyed one—
“Oh, speak to me, kind sister, and while listening to your voice I will forget that vision of horror, nor hear the demons as they moan and growl around me.”

“Thou hearest nought save the low muttered thunder as it rolls along the sky, and dies away in wild and mournful cadences. Yet will I cheer thee with my voice and words—what wouldst thou?”

“Tell me the story of your life—long since you promised that—”

“Not now, my Miriam. Weary and faint, you could not listen.”

“Refuse me not, sweet sister. Oh, tell it all. My heart yearns to know the mystery, to lift the veil, that hangs over thy early life. Come, sister sweet, begin.”

“Be patient, Miriam—my promise I'll fulfil: when that is done, my heart will again be laid bare, and conscience, with its keen probe, will again search the wounds which time is but slowly closing.”

Adelia had long worn a miniature concealed beneath her rich girdle, suspended from a chain of gold that encircled her queenly neck. As she ceased speaking, she drew it out, and presenting it to Miriam—“Who is that?” she asked: “Hast ever seen features like those?”

Miriam bent forward, and fixed her keen dark eyes upon the miniature.

“Ay,” she replied, “I have. That high, pale forehead—those auburn locks—and eyes, blue as the sky of April, half shaded by their heavy lashes, their expression so sweet, languid, yet heavenly—those parted lips—that dimpled chin, so very like—ay, the very features of thine infant boy.”

“Well hast thou said, dear Miriam; this is the picture of my beloved, worshipped, idolized Lockwood—the father of my little George.”

Adelia paused—she pressed the miniature to her lips, and wept. “Thou art happy now, beloved, and I am another's—still will I cherish thy memory. Even now

“I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee.”
I mourn for thee, dead, and yet thine image lives, is before me, reflected even in my little George.”

The weeping mother went to the couch of her boy, and bending, kissed his fair brow and pallid lips; then turned and seated herself on the ottoman. “Miriam,” she said, “I have promised, and I will perform.”

“My parents were wealthy, even beyond what luxury requires, and I was their only child. At the age of three years I was left an orphan by the death of my father. Edward Goodwin, an intimate and dear friend of my father's, was appointed by him as my guardian. He was to me a second father. Even now I remember him with affection, though he was the author of my misery. My mother placed me in a select school, where I remained until I entered my ninth year. She was then married to a Mr. Hayne, a southern planter, whom she accompanied to Georgia.—She left me in the immediate care of my guardian, promising me that as soon as my education was completed, I should come and live with her. I had letters from her often, always overflowing with assurances of the tenderest affection, and repetitions of her last promise. These made me more eager for my studies. Thus each successive letter from my mother awakened new energies, lessened the toil of study and rendered me happy. In this manner four years of my life passed quickly away. I had been a few months in a new academy, where the severity of my teachers and the addition of new and difficult lessons made me weary and heart-sick, when returning home late one evening, I found on my escritoir a letter from my mother. Every line was full of tenderness and love. I wept, and yet my heart bounded with gladness. Oh, I was happy.

From my dream of joy I was awakened by a familiar tap at the door, and hastily dashing off the tear that lingered on my cheek, I lifted the latch, and my guardian entered.

“My dear,” said he, “I have a friend below, my sister's son, to whom I wish to introduce you, and have come for you myself, knowing that if I sent, an apology would be substituted for your presence.”

“And so it must be now, papa,” I answered. “I laid down a lesson in despair this afternoon, but now I would resume it.”

“Oh, another time will do as well for that—you have nothing to do but study—so come with me now.”

“Pardon me, sir,” said I, “if I entreat to be excused, this once—only this once.”

“My pardon you have, dear girl, but I cannot excuse you,” he replied, taking my hand, and gently drawing me, descended to the parlor.

Mr. Goodwin led me to his nephew.—“This is my little ward,” said he, “she is very dear to me, Alcanor, and I hope she may be to you. Be to her as a brother while you remain with me.”

The young man rose, and taking my hand, stooped down and kissed my brow.

“And will you be my little sister?” he asked.

I was somewhat confused, and do not recollect my reply; nor did I particularly notice him then, as I did afterward. He was tall, slender, and extremely graceful.

Easy and polished in his manners, he conversed with a calm dignity that won insensibly upon the hearer's heart. His features were regular, but not handsome, and his clear, grey eyes had a quick, restless glance that betokened the continual activity of the spirit within. He had been traveling for a few months, and had come to finish his legal studies with his uncle.—From the first day of our acquaintance I began to love him. And he seemed so happy sitting with me by my little table, one arm around my neck, assisting me in preparing my lessons, that I found new pleasure in study. Often during the summer months, as the sun was sinking to his rest, Hartland, weary of his books and confinement, would come for me to go out with him into the meadows and over the green lawns—and there would we gather the wild-flowers that were sprinkled among the grass, like the pure raindrops after an April shower; or climb the high, ragged rocks whose bases were laved by a rapid stream, to pull the honeysuckle from the damp crevices where it grew in wild luxuriance. Seated on the golden moss that carpeted their dizzy summits, we would talk, or mingle our voices in the sweet minstrelsy of the gay laugh, or some loved sonnet, until aroused by the distant chime of the church bell, surprised to see the shades of evening gathering around us. Those were happy days, my Miriam—even now it glads my heart to awaken the memory of their joyousness. I loved Hartland with a childlike fondness—he seemed to me as a brother, though a brother's love I had never known.

Time sped rapidly away. The hours of childish mirth that I had so long enjoyed when my lessons were completed, began to be abridged by the claims of society.—Introduced into the most fashionable circles and attended by Hartland, I was fascinated, intoxicated with pleasures so new to me. Flattered by the attention which I received, I became vain. My pride was gratified by Hartland's devotedness, for I soon learned that he was the most admired of any of my acquaintance.

“You are a cousin of Mr. Hartland's?” asked Emily Grey, addressing me as we sat together on the sofa.

“I am not,” I replied, “but he is as dear to me as a cousin.”

“I am aware of that,” she answered gaily. “But it is not strange that he should be. I have met him but twice, and have already learned to admire him. He is so genteel—so elegant—Oh, I could love him—but you, I suppose—”

Her speech was interrupted by the approach of Hartland himself.

“Miss Grey,” said he, bowing, “I am happy to find you amusing my little friend. She has not yet mingled much in society, but you will have the goodness to be to her as an elder sister, and bestow upon her

those little attentions which belong not to my department."

The blush on Miss Grey's cheek deepened—her dark eye spoke volumes in reply. She smiled sweetly as she said—

"It will make me happy to be esteemed as her dearest friend, and with the fond hope of winding her affections around me, I will henceforth devote myself to her."

"That will do for a belle," thought I, little moved by her anticipated happiness, for I had just vanity enough to think that at present, at least, I needed not her care.

"And now, my sweet Adelia, please excuse us," said Hartland. "Miss Grey," continued he, extending to her his hand, "shall I have the happiness of being your partner?"

She took the offered hand and tripped away, with far more of happiness than she had a moment previous been anticipating.

The next moment I was led by Horace Blake into the same cotillion. When that and two more were gone through I declined dancing again. We left the hall and went with his sisters and cousin into the drawing-room. In a few moments some gentlemen, friends of Blake, joined us. We formed a happy circle, and laughed and chatted, until the company began to disperse.

The Misses Blake were young—just emerged from a fashionable boarding-school—gay—thoughtless—and with hearts overflowing with gladness, the first bright dream of youth, and so much like me that I could not but love them and be happy in their society. I returned home with Hartland at a late hour. The next morning, at an earlier hour than usual for him, he entered my study, bringing me some freshly-gathered flowers, still wet with dew.—After looking over my lesson, he asked me if I passed the evening pleasantly. I replied that I was never happier in company.

"Did your happiness proceed from your desertion of me?"

"And if I had done so, it had been but a just retaliation."

"Adelia, there must be no misunderstanding between us; and if I seemed to neglect you, it was not that I loved you less than erst."

"But you never loved me much, did you, Alcanor?" I asked playfully.

He took my hand and pressed it to his lips, but remained silent. After a long pause, I spoke:

"Are you forming an excuse for my entire want of gratitude for Miss Grey's kindness, or ruminating upon the cause of my attachment to the Blakes?"

He started, and looked at me earnestly. "Neither," he replied, "I thought only of you."

He spoke to me tenderly of his affection. He said he had loved me long and most devotedly, and that it pained him to see me receive so much attention from others. He then urged me to promise that at some fu-

ture time I would be his—his own blessed bride. I told him in reply, that I was a mere child, and ought not to make such a promise, and that my dear mamma might disapprove.

"And if she does, and you wish to be absolved from your engagement, I will relinquish you. On these conditions, beloved, will you promise to be mine?" he asked, with a tender earnestness. I promised. He then spoke to me of the nature of the engagement into which I had entered, adding that I must no longer bestow those little endearments upon others as I had formerly—but must love *him*—live for *him* alone. I thoughtlessly gave him my promise that I would. He twined his arms lovingly around me, and my head sank languidly upon his bosom. Low he spoke:

"Adelia, one thing more I have to say. Promise me now, that whatever may be our fortunes, wherever we may be, neither time, nor change, nor chance shall ever part us—nought, nought but DEATH."

And my lips echoed the fearful words—"Nought, nought but DEATH!"

How recklessly I gave that fatal promise! I bound myself to him by vows that should run parallel with life and be sundered only when life was not—and we called upon Heaven to hear them!

I was alone. Did my lessons absorb my mind as before? Never again. Days and weeks rolled heavily away, and that awful vow still rung in my ears. In society I felt restrained, and consequently unhappy. I feared to converse with gentlemen, lest I should break some little fibre in the ligature that bound me to one. I loved Hartland as tenderly, as devotedly, as a girl of fifteen can love; but I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to have been absolved from the vow that bound my life and soul to him—to have been free to love him as much as I would—free to enjoy the social delights of life. But that could not be, and it made me miserable.—Even now my soul writhes with untold agony as I look back upon the past and read its dark record—a blotted page in life's fair book! Memory, away! or hurry me on to happier hours.

Mr. Goodwin, Hartland and myself received letters from my mother, in which she not only gave her consent to my union with Hartland, but also her cordial approval, and added that she should be with us in a few months. She came. Oh, the hours of perfect bliss that I enjoyed with her!

When she was preparing to return, I begged, I entreated her to take me with her. But she steadily refused. I wept as if my heart would break, and told her in broken sighs that I should be a thousand times more lonely, so far from her, loving her as I did, than I could be with not a friend on earth.

"Do not weep so, my darling," said my

mother, as she twined her arms around me; "at the expiration of one year from this, I will come for you, and you shall live with me until—"

"I will live with you always!" said I, interrupting her. "I will never leave you." I felt my hand pressed gently, and raising my eyes, they met those of Hartland, bent sorrowfully upon me.

"Has my Adelia ceased to love me so soon?"

I had thought we were alone—but he had been leaning against the window and had witnessed my grief. I could not reply, but again bursting into tears, withdrew my hand from my betrothed, and clung to my mother. She took that hand again, and placing it within Hartland's, gave us her fervent blessing.

"Hartland, my child still loves you—this is a moment of tenderness; but she will again be happy in your affection. Now for a moment leave us."

When he was gone, my mother took me in her arms, pressed me to her affectionate bosom, and strove to comfort me. She said it pained her heart to see me so unhappy. I felt that I was doing wrong—I struggled a moment, and then was calm. When she was leaving me, I tried to say that I *would be happy*—but the tears came gushing into my eyes, and I was unable to speak.

For several days I refused to see company. My guardian strove with his native kindness to console me, and Hartland, with all his tenderness of soul, to make me forget. He wished me to go with him to see Emily Grey, but I steadily refused.

"Then I shall go without you," he said, and left me. When he was gone, I strolled out into the garden and busied myself in training the vines round the summer-house, until dark, then returned to the house and sat down with Free love the house-keeper. I was ever happy in her society, for she would talk to me for hours together of my kind, my beautiful mother. Hartland became devoted in his attentions to Miss Grey, and it was whispered round the busy circle that they were *'engaged.'* I laughed gaily when I heard it, but breathed not a syllable in contradiction.

Borne along on the stream of time, like some deserted barge over the wild waves of ocean, I lived *'unloving and unloved.'* From those whose minds were congenial with my own—whose friendship would have gladdened my lone heart—whose love would have made me happy—I was held aloof. Oh, how my heart yearned to be free!—how I sighed to burst from my fetters!—to fly to the bosom of my blessed mother, and in her tenderness and love forget my latent woes! Mine was a sorrow that might not be told, though it was deeply felt. It was the spirit-bondage that gnawed upon my heart.

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"And if I had done so, it had been but a just retaliation."

"Adelia, there must be no misunderstanding between us; and if I seemed to neglect you, it was not that I loved you less than erst."

"But you never loved me much, did you, Alcanor?" I asked playfully.

He took my hand and pressed it to his lips, but remained silent. After a long pause, I spoke:

"Are you forming an excuse for my entire want of gratitude for Miss Grey's kindness, or ruminating upon the cause of my attachment to the Blakes?"

He started, and looked at me earnestly. "Neither," he replied, "I thought only of you."

He spoke to me tenderly of his affection. He said he had loved me long and most devotedly, and that it pained him to see me receive so much attention from others. He then urged me to promise that at some future

time I would be his—his own blessed bride. I told him in reply, that I was a mere child, and ought not to make such a promise, and that my dear mamma might disapprove.

"And if she does, and you wish to be absolved from your engagement, I will relinquish you. On these conditions, beloved, will you promise to be mine?" he asked, with a tender earnestness. I promised. He then spoke to me of the nature of the engagement into which I had entered, adding that I must no longer bestow those little endearments upon others as I had formerly—but must love him—live for him alone. I thoughtlessly gave him my promise that I would. He twined his arms lovingly around me, and my head sank languidly upon his bosom. Low he spoke:

"Adelia, one thing more I have to say. Promise me now, that whatever may be our fortunes, wherever we may be, neither time, nor change, nor chance shall ever part us—nought, nought but DEATH."

And my lips echoed the fearful words—"Nought, nought but DEATH!"

How recklessly I gave that fatal promise! I bound myself to him by vows that should run parallel with life and be sundered only when life was not—and we called upon Heaven to hear them!

I was alone. Did my lessons absorb my mind as before? Never again. Days and weeks rolled heavily away, and that awful vow still rung in my ears. In society I felt restrained, and consequently unhappy. I feared to converse with gentlemen, lest I should break some little fibre in the ligature that bound me to one. I loved Hartland as tenderly, as devotedly, as a girl of fifteen can love; but I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to have been absolved from the vow that bound my life and soul to him—to have been free to love him as much as I would—free to enjoy the social delights of life. But that could not be, and it made me miserable. Even now my soul writhes with untold agony as I look back upon the past and read its dark record—a blotted page in life's fair book! Memory, away! or hurry me on to happier hours.

Mr. Goodwin, Hartland and myself received letters from my mother, in which she not only gave her consent to my union with Hartland, but also her cordial approval, and added that she should be with us in a few months. She came. Oh, the hours of perfect bliss that I enjoyed with her!

When she was preparing to return, I begged, I entreated her to take me with her. But she steadily refused. I wept as if my heart would break, and told her in broken sighs that I should be a thousand times more lonely, so far from her, loving her as I did, than I could be with not a friend on earth.

"Do not weep so, my darling," said my

mother, as she twined her arms around me; "at the expiration of one year from this, I will come for you, and you shall live with me until—"

"I will live with you always!" said I, interrupting her. "I will never leave you." I felt my hand pressed gently, and raising my eyes, they met those of Hartland, bent sorrowfully upon me.

"Has my Adelia ceased to love me so soon?"

I had thought we were alone—but he had been leaning against the window and had witnessed my grief. I could not reply, but again bursting into tears, withdrew my hand from my betrothed, and clung to my mother. She took that hand again, and placing it within Hartland's, gave us her fervent blessing.

"Hartland, my child still loves you—this is a moment of tenderness; but she will again be happy in your affection. Now for a moment leave us."

When he was gone, my mother took me in her arms, pressed me to her affectionate bosom, and strove to comfort me. She said it pained her heart to see me so unhappy. I felt that I was doing wrong—I struggled a moment, and then was calm. When she was leaving me, I tried to say that I would be happy—but the tears came gushing into my eyes, and I was unable to speak.

For several days I refused to see company. My guardian strove with his native kindness to console me, and Hartland, with all his tenderness of soul, to make me forget. He wished me to go with him to see Emily Grey, but I steadily refused.

"Then I shall go without you," he said, and left me. When he was gone, I strolled out into the garden and busied myself in training the vines round the summer-house, until dark, then returned to the house and sat down with Freelove the housekeeper. I was ever happy in her society, for she would talk to me for hours together of my kind, my beautiful mother. Hartland became devoted in his attentions to Miss Grey, and it was whispered round the busy circle that they were 'engaged.' I laughed gaily when I heard it, but breathed not a syllable in contradiction.

Borne along on the stream of time, like some deserted barque over the wild waves of ocean, I lived 'unloving and unloved.' From those whose minds were congenial with my own—whose friendship would have gladdened my lone heart—whose love would have made me happy—I was held aloof. Oh, how my heart yearned to be free!—how I sighed to burst from my fetters!—to fly to the bosom of my blessed mother, and in her tenderness and love forget my latent woes! Mine was a sorrow that might not be told, though it was deeply felt. It was the spirit-bondage that gnawed upon my heart.

At the earnest request of Hartland I accompanied him to pass an evening with the

lovely Emily. We found her chatting gaily with a gentleman, a stranger to us both. She rose with an air of gratified pride and introduced him to us as her cousin. He was very pale, but his fine countenance was lit up by the brightest and most expressive eyes I ever met. But I will not attempt a diagraph—you have seen this miniature: it was indeed George Lockwood. From the first moment I saw him I felt that our destinies were one, and my vows of eternal constancy to another were all, in one brief moment, obliterated. It was a calm, mild evening in summer.—Miss Grey, wishing that we might enjoy it, proposed a walk. We strolled down through the garden and across a green lawn to the river that laved its verdant edge.

"Cousin George," said Emily, "I shall not let you walk further—remain here, and let my little friend amuse you—meantime I'll flit away with Hartland to the fairy dell."

"My sweet coz is in fine spirits this evening," said Lockwood, turning to me with a faint smile, as they walked away.

"I never saw her otherwise," I replied.

Sitting down on the rocks, we listened to the soft music of the woods, the sighing of the breeze as it stole softly through the green willows that waved above us, and mingled their voices with their low murmurings. Hours passed unheeded away—the moon was careering through a firmament of mingled gold and azure—still we sat, holding deep converse, and bright images flitted before our mental vision.—My bondage and misery were all forgotten in those moments of untold happiness—and we looked only upon the earth as seeing its proximity to Heaven.

We were awakened from our spirit intercourse by the sweet tones of Emily's voice. She had returned with my betrothed from a solitary ramble, and called us to accompany them back to the drawing-room. After partaking of some sweetmeats and the most delicious fruits from Mr. Grey's garden, I returned with Hartland to our home. As we were crossing the lawn in front of Mr. Goodwin's, Hartland asked me, with an air of perfect indifference, how I had passed the evening, and if I was pleased with Lockwood.

"Happily, happily," I replied; "with George Lockwood I could be—" What was I about to say!

"Please to conclude your speech," said he, aroused from his listlessness by my unexpected reply.

"Oh I could be amused for hours, if he would talk of birds and flowers,"

I added, laughing gaily.

"That is a turn of wit that I did not expect," he said, joining in my laugh.

Though there was nothing witty in the rhyme that I had chanced to make, still I felt that it had saved me.

"Adelia," resumed Hartland, after a

moment's pause, "I am glad you have passed the evening pleasantly. True, I would rather you should be at home when I cannot be with you. But then you could not cultivate those social habits that I wish you to, and of late you have been so dull and uncommunicative that I have found little pleasure in your society. Formerly there was so much innocent joyousness sparkling in those sweet eyes, whilst words of love and truth came gushing from those rosy lips, that you wound the affections of my soul around you—and now, my dearest, do not—oh, do not wither them by your coldness and this *dear apathy*! You are changed, Adelia; you are not what you once was."

He paused. Dreamed he of the sweeping desolation that had passed over love—joy—hope—feeling—and even life itself? Oh, never!—never! Again he spoke:

"I would have you like Emily—sweet Emily Grey. Oh, she is one of the loveliest creatures that I ever knew—so good—so gentle—so intelligent. Be like her, Adelia, and I will love you; otherwise, I cannot."

The last sentence smote cruelly on my soul. A keen, cutting pain ran quivering through my heart. Was it jealousy?—or a sense of injustice? I withdrew my hand from his, and walked silently into the house. To his affectionate "good night" I gave no response. We parted. He turned back and called me: "Adelia—beloved—stay one moment!" I heeded him not, but with accelerated steps sought my chamber. Parting the crimson curtains that were closed around the windows, the moonbeams shone full upon the portrait of my father. His were noble features. The full, blue eyes were mild in their expression, but on the slightly curled lip could be read the energy and decision that marked his character. Long I gazed upon that loved face, until every feature was enstamped upon my mind.

Oppressed with awakened memories, I sunk wearily upon my couch, and the hand of Sleep moved slowly across the fallen lids. The light of day was just flashing athwart the horizon, as I awoke from an unquiet slumber. I arose and walked the room with a slow and irregular step. My saddened soul turned wearily away from every thing around me. I approached the window, and raising the sash, gazed long and earnestly upon the broad landscape, variegated with every shade and form of beauty. Lofty hills, sloping down to green and quiet valleys, through which murmured a gentle river, with its banks dotted with the cottages of the peasantry. It was a beautiful scene, and the admirer of nature had gazed upon it with unmingled delight. But I was insensible to beauty—joy—pleasure. Leaning my head on my hand, tears coursed rapidly down my cheeks. Why was I sad?—what cause was there for tears? A strange, mysterious sorrow, un-

shared, unpitied and undefined, held me in thrall. With slow and feeble steps I moved from the window, descended the stairs, and sought a little arbor in the garden where I had often sat. It was interwoven with low shrubbery, vines and branches of the trees which shaded it. Thither I fled whilst yet the flowers were but half-opened, and the dew-drops, clear and bright as beauty's tears, fringed their silken leaves. I reclined in one corner of the arbor and mingled my low-breathed sighs with the soft murmuring of the breeze that stirred the foliage above me. Suddenly I started as a bleary-eyed gipsy rose up before me. Her long, bony fingers grasped a stick covered with buds and flowers. In figure she was tall and somewhat bowed with age. Green vines, leaves and flowers were twined around her neck, waist and arms, and trailed upon the ground. Her long, grizzled locks, interwoven with small boughs of pine and hemlock, hung loosely upon her shoulders. A dark, withering frown sat upon her wrinkled brow, which was encircled with a crimson band, in the centre of which glittered a bright star. Our eyes met in a fixed and earnest gaze, as she muttered:

"Child of Light and Love, why will you not be happy?"

"Because I cannot," I answered.

"Because you *will* not," was her quick response. "But go with me, bright mortal, and you shall find that happiness for which you now hopelessly sigh. Go with me, and I will bind that fair brow of thine with thornless and unfading flowers; and, in the darkness of midnight, will lead you to bright spots, and at our festivals the foot of fairy shall trip less lightly in the dance than thine."

"Away, old Vitoria!" I cried, "I will not follow you."

"Then your spirit shall!" she muttered, shaking her head and waving her wand over me. "Wilt go?" she asked, glaring her bleak, grey eyes upon me.

"No—never."

With a ghastly grin, she again muttered in an unearthly voice:

"Long have I sought to claim you as my own—and I'll have you yet!" Then flinging a long vine around me, she added: "My spell I cast upon thee—whither I go thy spirit shall bear me company."

The solemnity of her manner could not prevent my laughing at the ridiculous farce, as, tearing the vine from off my neck, I threw it at her feet, and said:

"Begone, poor simpleton, and peace attend you."

A bitter curse was her only response, as she hastened away. Day after day passed into oblivion, but I saw the gipsy no more, though I knew she was near me, for my arbor and my favorite walks were strewn with coronals of hemlock and fox-glove, henbane and deadly nightshade.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

To possess any sense beyond a certain degree of acuteness may be regarded as a misfortune for it opens the road to an infinitude of annoyances. There are individuals with noses as keen as that of a hound.—Whether they enjoy more pleasure or pain from the faculty, is easily answered. There are others possessing a delicacy of ear, which exposes them to continual annoyance—of these, Peter Brian is one. He is introduced below.

"Nothing puzzles me more," said Peter, as he strolled up the street one evening, "nothing puzzles me more than the immense variety of sounds, which assail the ear. Smell is various, and so is taste, but they are poor things, not worth a thought, while sound is a matter worth investigation. There is a great mistake in these luxurious edifices," continued he, halting against a tree box, in front of a handsome house. "The builders regard harmony of proportion and all that—making proper distances between windows and doors; but not one of them ever dreamed of harmonizing the bell and the knocker. There is nothing but discord in that department, and if the servants have any ear at all—and why should they not?—it must almost drive them distracted. Yes, very pretty—fine steps, fine house, bright knocker, glittering bell handle, and plenty of discord.—It is as sure as that the bell and knocker are there in juxta position. To be morally certain, I'll try."

Up strode Peter, and seizing the knocker in one hand and the bell in the other, he sounded them to the utmost of his power.

"Oh, horrid! shameful! abominable!—I'm shocked—worse than I thought—upon my word."

"Halloo, below!" said a voice from a window: "have the French come, or is the house on fire?"

"I'm not a fireman, myself, and can't tell; but if the house is on fire, I advise you as a friend, to come down, and leave it as soon as possible. Bring your clothes, for the weather is not over warm."

"You're an impertinent fellow; what do you mean by kicking up such a bobby at this time of night?"

"Bobby!—don't be cross, fiddle-strings; be harmonious. I merely wish to inform you that your knocker is about a semi-tone out of the way. Listen."

Bell and knocker were both operated upon vigorously.

"Did you ever hear the like! I'm ashamed of you; have them tuned—do.—It's positively shocking. Tune them."

Peter again rang the bell and plied the knocker with great vigor and strength of muscle.

"Tune yourself," said he at the window, emptying a pitcher of water on Peter's head as he twanged off a triple bob-major.—Loud above the din rose,

"The bubbling shriek, the solitary cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

"Fire and fury!" roared Peter, "who asked you for a water-piece? If 'Water Parted' is your tune, I'll give you a touch of Kotzwara. Here's for the 'Battle of Prague,' with a touch of the 'Hail Stone Chorus.'"

Peter hammered away at the door; but not being able to dash in the panels with his feet and fists, he caught up a paving-stone and dashed it against the frame, shouting "Stony batter!"

Windows flew up in all directions, and nightcapped heads projected from every aperture. The people shouted, the dogs barked; and rattles were sprung all around.—Never was there heard such a din.

Peter stood aghast: "Worse and worse!" cried he, "what a clatter!—Haydn's 'Chaos' is a fool to it!"

The watch at length arrived, and bore Peter to the earth.

"So fell Cardinal Wolsey," said he.—"Will nobody favor us with the last words of Marmion; 'The Soldier Tir'd'—or something else, neat and and appropriate?"

"Don't lie jawing there but get up and mosey to quod."

"Mosey away my fine fellow. You're leader in this oratorio. My part's done; I won't play any more; I've put out my candle and boxed my fiddle."

Peter was soon at rest; but was severely punished for his musical eccentricities.

CONTEST WITH A WHALE.—Whalers from a distinct class. When several vessels are assembled at any of the places of rendezvous, the oldest captain in company is styled the admiral. They have suppers on board one of the ships, every night, to which all present are invited, by hoisting a flag before sunset. I attended, on one of those occasions, and was much amused by the peculiar slang of these people. "Come," said the captain, "take a cigar; you'll find 'em pretty much half Spanish, I guess." I inquired of one who had been relating some exploits with whales, whether he never felt that he was in danger? "Why, I always think, if I have a good lance, the fish is most in danger!" I asked another whether he had ever met with an accident? "I can't say exactly as how I have, though I came plaguy near it once. You see we was off the coast of Japan, right among a shoal of Whales, and all hands was out in the boats, except me and the cook. I was lookin' at the creatures with a glass, and saw one on 'em flirt her tail again' a boat, and it was a caution to see the scatterment she made of her. All the boys were set a swimmin'; so the cook and me jumped into a boat and picked 'em all up. Directly, the fish blowed close to us, and I took an iron and sunk it into her, and I know how to strike a whale as well as any man; but the creatur canted the wrong way, and I knew how a sparm ought to cant; and

comin' at us full tilt, with her jaws as wide open as a barn door, bit the boat smack in two in the middle. Then she chawed up one end of her, and by the time we got hold on the other, she came at us again, and making another bite, took me by the back betwixt her teeth, and shook me as a puppy would a ball of yarn; and, I guess she would'n't have dropped me, if the mate had'n't come up in another boat, and shoved in his lance, till she was sickened! As good luck would have it, we was all picked up without any accident; but I've got five of her tooth-prints in my back to this day.—Three years in the Pacific.

A Queer Customer.

"It is most astonishing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of Sixth and Front streets—"it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here am I, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would if it had a mouth; and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country! what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine swallows of whiskey, and what with that and the premature old age, I verily believe I'm assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there! What's the matter?"

"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there. Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, isn't it?"

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a gutteral."

"They wouldn't have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh, ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life? Isn't variety charming?"

"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary and mustn't give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You're my prisoner. *Hally coosha* to the watch'us. That's the Dutch for being tuck up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs, how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork, why shouldn't you

like what makes pork fat? So—so, steady. Now I'll tell you all about 'tother night. I was passing your box in a friendly, promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch aint wound up, it can't either keep good time, or even go.'

'Well, what else?'

'Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch.—That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition.'

'Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch-maker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time.'

'Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and that you lifted me up like a patent lever? You're wide awake now; but that night you weren't up to trap or you would have caught me. I caught a weasel asleep that time—put fresh salt on you for once.'

To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, declaring his name was not Walker.

"Whether you're name is Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Hav'n't I got an office or at least a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletraps? If I must go, it must be on the Yankee principle of rotation—bring a wheel-borrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-borrow in which Mervyn was placed. Away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn. "Charley's making a barrow-night of me. Gently over the stones. I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra! cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a barrow-nial castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stainer. If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to draw back."

So saying he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue he was soon caught, and lugged back, being, as he said, like Goldsmith's work, beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and in consequence, the unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.—*Philadelphia Sportsman.*

The Literary Journal.

EDITED BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1835.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS, AND TO THE FRIENDS OF POLITE LITERATURE.

Much as we dislike to present to our readers any thing that savors of egotism, circumstances beyond our control will sometimes compel us to speak of ourself, our prospects and our cares.—Our enterprise has now been before the public a sufficient length of time to enable it to form an opinion of its merits, and from our steady increase of patronage and the many flattering notices which we have received from contemporary prints, we are induced to believe that that opinion is far from unfavorable. But while we would acknowledge with gratitude the patronage already bestowed upon us, justice to ourself requires us to say, it is *insufficient for the support of our paper*. Our sheet is published in the most economical manner—the greater part of the mechanical labor we perform with our own hands—and yet we suffer an actual loss from every number we issue. We have labored hard with both mind and body, and have felt the mind's energy fail under the oppression of physical prostration—we have toiled early and late—we have endeavored to present an attractive sheet, and in those endeavors have been generously aided by some of the finest writers our country can boast, such, for instance, as Sigourney, Whipple and Fairfield, and others whose productions would add to the interest of any periodical in our country—we have presented a larger amount of original matter than any similar publication in the state, except the New-York Mirror—still we have found the Literary Journal a profitless concern to ourself, and instead of putting bread into our mouth, it is continually taking money from a pocket which was never overloaded, and plunging us deeper and deeper into a gulf for which we have no particular predilection.

Such, kind friends, are our actual circumstances—it remains with you to decide whether they shall grow worse or better. One of the two they inevitably must, for, bad as they are, they cannot remain stationary. We confess that we are "advancing backwards" down rather a steep hill, and our friends must decide whether they will give us a kick and land us in the mire at the bottom, or lend us a helping hand and bring us safely to the top. We ask you to aid us in our endeavors to cultivate a love of literature around us—to elevate the tone of moral and intellectual feeling, and to draw our fellow-countrymen, in some degree at least, from the maddening intoxication of political warfare, to a nobler though less exciting toil—the cultivation of the mind and the heart. If we have indeed found favor in the eyes of any of our patrons—and from the voluntary contributions of many, we believe we have—we would now earnestly request them to exert their influence in extending our circulation. Will not each one of our subscribers exert himself to obtain for us another? Will not our personal friends and acquaintances exert themselves to procure subscriptions for us?—and will not the friends of polite literature, here and elsewhere, render us that aid which is absolutely essential to the existence of our periodical? Our time is wholly occupied in labor—and we have no leisure to procure subscribers. Thus

far we have waited for them to come to us—but they do not come as fast as our expenses.

Post Masters and Editors throughout the Union are requested to act as agents for us, and a liberal per centage will be allowed them for their services.

Subjoined we give a few of the many notices which our work has received from the contemporary press, both before and after our change of title, that our readers may know in what estimation our labors are held by others. Those who are acquainted with us will know that these are not given in a spirit of self-flattery,—those who know us not must judge us as they list. We should indeed have been better pleased, had some of our brother editors been less personal in their kindly notices—but we do not feel at liberty to alter them, and self-preservation forbids us to withhold them altogether.

The Wreath is a semi-monthly literary paper, published at Schenectady, N. Y.; it is conducted by a talented editor, has reached its second number, deserves patronage, and we hope will endure to the end.

Concord (N. H.) Literary Gazette.

'The Wreath,' edited by William H. Burleigh, and published at Schenectady, is as choice a little quarto as we find on our table. Its editor will find New-York, we sincerely trust, willing and active to encourage this work; for such a paper is far superior as a family paper to the sheets in general circulation full of prejudice and falsehood—the records of crime.

Boston Pearl.

The Wreath.—We are highly pleased with the character and general appearance of the Wreath. The two numbers before us contain the productions of some of the ablest writers in the country. Much taste and correct judgement is displayed in each department of the work.—*Windham County (Ct.) Ad.*

The Wreath.—This is the title of a new and very pretty quarto paper, published at Schenectady, N. Y. by William H. Burleigh, a gentleman well known as a contributor to some of our best periodicals. Among the correspondents of the Wreath we notice the names of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, Mrs. Sigourney, A. J. Prime H. C. Henry, Miss Frances Harriet Whipple, G. Z. Adams, &c.—*Boston Cabinet of Entertainment.*

The Wreath, published in Schenectady, N. Y. and edited by Wm. H. Burleigh, is one of the most interesting of our exchange papers. We observe among the names of correspondents, those of Mrs. Sigourney, Frances Harriet Whipple, &c.—*Pocket Chronicle.*

We have received a very neat sheet, and pleasing combination of matter, in "The Wreath," a new periodical published at Schenectady, &c.—*Charleston (S. C.) Rose Bud.*

The Wreath, a quarto semi-monthly, devoted to polite literature, has been commenced at Schenectady, and the first number now lays on our table. The matter is chiefly original, and above mediocrity in point of talent. In its editor we discover an old acquaintance, who has perpetrated so much good poetry during his youth, that we fear the world will never forgive him. It is certainly a heinous crime; but the punishment usually awarded is too severe.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH, the editor of the Wreath, is a young self-taught mechanic, who has struggled with all the discouragements consequent upon ambition for literary and useful fame. Over the signature, "Inisfail," his poetry has been read with interest, even when all poetry is sinking into disrepute. He must not be deterred from his laudable pursuit by any fortune which may befall his present undertaking. An independent and diligent course will, if it does not ensure his success, yield him what is better, the consciousness of deserving it. We hope he will have no reason to exclaim, with an old English writer: "Ye Gods! What crime has my poor father done, That you should make a poet of his son!"

Buffalo Republican.

Two numbers of 'The Wreath,' edited by Mr. W. H. Burleigh, of Schenectady, have been published; and we wish entire success to the enterprise of an educated and highly promising poet.—*North American Magazine.*

The Wreath.—This is the title of a new literary publication at Schenectady, N. Y. by Wm. H. Burleigh, the second number of which has reached us. Its matter is mostly original and appears to be very good. Mr. B. we believe, has attained to some eminence as a writer of polite literature.—*We, the People.*

The Literary Journal.—Our friend Burleigh, "studious of change, and pleased with novelty," has caused a change to be made in the name of his paper. He has doffed the modest, pretty name of "Wreath," and adopted the high sounding one of "Literary Journal." "*De gustibus*," &c. However, the casket is of little consequence, the jewel it contains alone deserves our notice. If Mr. B. continues to conduct the Literary Journal with as much taste and talent as he did the Wreath, we think his patrons will have no reason to complain. The plan he has now adopted, of publishing his paper simultaneously in Albany, Troy and Schenectady, will, no doubt, be the means of increasing his subscription list in the first named cities. He certainly deserves additional patronage, and we hope he will receive it.

Schenectady Reflector.

The title of the Wreath, a semi-monthly literary paper published by Wm. H. Burleigh at Schenectady, has been changed to that of "Literary Journal," and is to be issued simultaneously in the cities of Schenectady, Troy, and Albany. Mr. Burleigh has heretofore displayed much taste in conducting the Wreath; and we venture to guess from the first No. of the Journal, now before us, that it will be continued with equal ability.—*Amsterdam Intelligencer.*

The Literary Journal.—Our friend BURLEIGH, of Schenectady, has altered the name of his "Wreath," and adopted that of "The Literary Journal, a Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts," to be published simultaneously in the cities of Albany, Troy and Schenectady. We take this opportunity to commend once more this little work to the friends of elegant literature, as one of the cheapest and most pleasing periodicals of the day. The editor is a man of taste and a poet, of unassuming but sterling talent. *Buffalo Republican.*

We might add to these many similar notices which we have received from time to time, but have already given sufficient for our purpose.—We shall affect no modesty relative to those we have copied—we confess that we love praise, and who does not? Gratifying, however, as these encomiums are to us, the names of a few hundred additional paying subscribers would gratify us still more. It is our wish to identify the Literary Journal with the literature of our country—to make it a focus where the rays of genius which are scattered around us may be concentrated. It was the hope of enlisting in our enterprise the talent of the sister cities—Albany, Troy, and Schenectady,—that induced us to change our title, and the plan of publication.—If that liberal support which we have labored hard to deserve, shall be extended to us, we can and we will render our periodical an honor to the state and to American literature—if it is withheld, so be it—the world is wide, and we are not ashamed to dig. We can wield the pen or the mattocks—the composing stick or the birchen sceptre,—and while we have health and strength, we will trudge along through life's uneven ways, with a cheerful countenance and a happy heart, let the wind blow and the tide flow which way they will.

North American Magazine.—The April number of Mr Fairfield's Magazine, filled with its usual variety of chaste and manly literature, is now before us. Among the contributors to this number we notice the names of S. L. Fairfield, David Paul Brown, Esq., James Dixon, Miss Moodie, authoress of *Enthusiasm*; George H. Brown, Editor of the Boston *Amaranth*, and Chauncey Bulkley, Esq. The Editor in his "Table Talk" is, as ever, manly, independent, and sarcastic, and though in many of his opinions and sweeping denunciations, we take the liberty to differ from him, toto cælo, we yet cheerfully award to him the meed of praise for vigor, originality and fearlessness in all his writings—three qualities which are lamentably rare in these days of literary and political humbuggery.

The North American Magazine is henceforth to be issued in the quarterly form—the first number of the new form to be published on the first of July next—each number to contain two hundred pages of the same size and on the same paper now used. We commend the enterprise to the attention of the friends of American literature.

Albany Bouquet, and Literary Spectator.—The first number of a new semi-monthly journal, devoted to polite literature, and bearing the above title, has just been issued from the press of Hoffman & White, under the editorial supervision of Mr George Trumbull. In its mechanical appearance it is exceedingly neat. Of its literary character we cannot, indeed, speak flatteringly at present, but it is unfair to judge a periodical by its first number. We presume it will increase in literary excellence as it increases in patronage, and he who expects more than this is as unreasonable, as he is ignorant of the perplexing difficulties attendant upon the commencement of a new literary periodical.

Schenectady Female Seminary.—The public examination in this institution took place last week, when many of our citizens had an opportunity of witnessing the rapid progress in useful knowledge which the pupils have made during the last term. We had not the pleasure of attending the exercises, but some who did attend have given us an account, which is as flattering to the pupils as it is highly honorable to the excellent principal of the Seminary. Miss Sheldon's reputation as a teacher is already too firmly and extensively established to need any commendation from us—and yet, as our paper has a considerable circulation in neighboring states, we cannot refrain from adding our own to the general voice of approbation, if so be we may induce our friends who have daughters to educate, to avail themselves of the distinguished abilities of Miss Sheldon. Young ladies will find in her not only a capable instructress, but a kind and judicious friend.

A new Standard of Literary Merit.—The editor of the Albany Bouquet, (not *Bucket*, as we have heard it called,) earnestly invites the ladies to contribute to his columns—telling them, as a quietus, we presume, to all their fears of rejection, that however remorseless he might be with the literature of the sterner sex, he could not, without "some compunctious visitings of conscience," destroy a communication, however faulty in its style, if written in the delicate chirography of a girl. So, Misses, don't you feel flattered? Mr Trumbull will permit you to play the fool with him, with yourselves and with the public, bring contempt upon his paper and upon female literature, if you will only write your crudities in a neat, delicate, ladylike hand. We confess that we have no such gallantry as this. We have too high a regard for the really intelligent and gifted of the sex, and for our readers in general, to welcome to our columns the scribbles of every milk-and-water Miss who has the assurance to inflict upon us her gilt-edged, rose-tinted sheets of mangled English. Such affairs we always term "Murder in a mask," and without inflicting upon herself the penalty of a second reading, commit them forthwith to the warm reception of glowing anthracite. While favored with the productions of Mrs Sigourney, Misses Whipple, Hooper, and Browne, we shall

not go a-begging for crow-quill literature, nor judge of the matter by the manner of the composition. We trust that our Albany brother will not adopt the new standard of literature to which his excessive gallantry has given birth.

To Correspondents.—T. and C. W. D. in our next.

SELECTED.

LITERARY PRICE CURRENT.

*** Perhaps, literary news would interest you more. Bulwer is publishing in a volume his papers from the New Monthly. I met him an hour ago in Regent-street, looking, what is called in London, "uncommon seedy!" He is either the worst or the best dressed man in London, according to the time of day or night you see him. D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*, drives about in an open carriage, with Lady S—, looking more melancholy than usual. The absent baronet, whose place he fills, is about bringing an action against him, which will finish his career, unless he can coin the damages in his brain. Mrs. Hemans is dying of consumption in Ireland. I have been passing a week at a country house, where Miss Jane Porter, Miss Pardoe, and Count Krazinsky, (author of the *Court of Sigismund*), are domiciliated for the present. Miss Porter is quite one of her own heroines, grown old—a still handsome and noble wreck of beauty. Miss Pardoe is nineteen, fair haired, sentimental, and has the smallest feet and is the best waltzer I ever saw, but she is not otherwise pretty. The Polish count is writing the life of his grandmother, whom I should think he strongly resembled in person. He is an excellent fellow, for all that. I dined last week with Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead—the most charming old lady I ever saw. To-day I dine with Longman to meet Tom Moore, who is living *incog*, near this Nestor of publishers at Hampstead. Moore is fagging hard on his history of Ireland. I shall give you the particulars of all these things in my letters hereafter.—*Willis.*

STAGE TRICKERY.—In a little town in Germany the managers of the theatre, seeking to draw a full house, lately advertised that in a melo-drama which was to be performed, they would exhibit the head of a noted robber. In order to effect this, one of the actors was placed in such a manner, that his head alone was exhibited on a table; but a merry wag wishing to raise a laugh at the expense of the poor manager, slyly placed a small quantity of snuff in such a manner that it came in contact with the nose of the reputed robber, which threw him into a violent fit of sneezing, to the great amusement of the audience.

The Literary Journal,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY
WM. H. BURLEIGH.

S. S. Riggs, Printer, No. 10, Union-St. Schenectady.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

"His was no rough character, tempered and fitted for the toils of life: as well might a flower bear up against the whirlwind, as he against the troubles that assailed him."—*Obituary of J. O. Rockwell.*

He was the Child of Genius—and his soul
Burned with the living fire of Poesy!
Earth, with its multitude of vales and hills—
Mountains, whose heads are turban'd in the clouds,
And valleys deep, where scarcely peers the glance
Of the meridian sun—the infinite sea,
Cradling its beautiful isles, and with its waves
Chanting a solemn lullaby—the sky,
Gorgeously gemm'd with sabaoth of stars,
Or curtained with the voiceful thunder-cloud—
Yea, earth—sea—sky—were ever unto him
As a familiar volume, where he read
Marvellous legends of the olden time,
And conned mysterious truths, which he transcribed
On the fair tablets of his wondering soul.
What time he wandered forth alone—the stars
Burning above him, and the quiet earth
Like a hushed infant, slumbering—he loved
To list to Nature's ever-varying voice,
And let the influence of the stillly hour,
Like a weird presence, steal upon his soul,
Hushing each turbulent thought and chaunting all
His lofty aspirations, till he felt
Lifted from earth, and sense, and sin, and lost
In the dim shadows of the dread to BE!
He lived not in the present, but his thought
Framed a new world and fairer far than this—
A world of Phantasia, where fruits and flowers
Were ever fresh and fadeless, men were brave,
And women true, and poets idolized—
And in the dim realm of creative Thought
He could forget awhile the selfishness
And fraud and violence and woe of earth.
Poesy claimed him for her own, and breathed
Into his soul her spirit, and bestowed
Delicate perceptions of the Beautiful.
His heart was tuned to music, and his ear
Quick to detect the latent melody
That slumbered in the harp of Æolus,
What time the breezes murmured not, nor woke,
Save fitfully and faintly.

Months and years
Passed o'er the youthful dreamer, stealthily,
Almost unheeded—for the world of thought
In which his spirit reveled, still was bright—
And Hope, the cheating syren, gaily poured
Her most bewitching songs upon his ear,
And with her magic wand before his eyes
Etched beautiful pictures of the coming time,
And whispered flattering stories in his ear
Of future greatness—Fame, too, diadem'd,
And radiant with beauty, such as Mind
Throws round her own creations, standing high
On a proud pinnacle, around her brow
A gorgeous chaplet of undying flowers,
And in her hand a sceptre, smilingly,
Looked on the young enthusiast, beck'ning him
Onward,—for ever onward! Thus he lived
In, and yet scarcely seeming of, the world—
Peopling the universe with glorious forms—
Thoughts, feelings, passions, hopes, desires, that lived
In nought save mind—his own creative mind!
Holding companionship with vales and brooks,
Mountains and forests, sky, and clouds, and stars,
Sunlight, and tempest, lightning, hail, and snow,
And wrestling from them all a dialect
Known unto him alone, that ever came
With a peculiar eloquence to his soul,
He had no time to con the blotted page
Of human life—the record of its woes—
The history of its treacheries and tears—
And therefore was he happy.

But a cloud
Came o'er the blue sky of the dreamer's life,
And the glad sun was shadowed. He went forth
Undisciplined—unpanoplied—alone—
From the sweet home of infancy, to mix
In the wild tumults of the world, and meet
The foes that would beset him—Envy—Hate—
Falsehood and Treachery—Distrust and Care.
The stars of life went out—and Darkness flung
Her thick pall o'er his spirit—and his brow
Lost its serene expression—and his eye
Grew cold and dim—his gorgeous dreams of Fame
Vanished like frost-work from the sun's warm kiss—
And the fresh hopes that buoyed his spirit up
In earlier days, were withered now and crushed!
The delicate harp was shattered! and its strings
Wailed fitfully and wildly in the breeze—
Pouring their mournful music over earth,
Like the low dirge above the early bier
Of the beloved and perished. Brief the time
Of the young poet's struggle—earth became
Even as a peopled sepulchre to him,
Joyless as death and cheerless as the grave!
Then Madness came, and laid her burning hand
Heavily on his brain, and at her touch
He struggled for a moment with the fiend—
Then, shuddering, yielded to his fate, and died!
The earth received her own—ashes to ashes,
And dust—a few hot tears were shed—
The praise denied in life, over his corpse
Was freely poured,—but oh, too late!—and then
One of earth's loveliest and most gifted ones
Was left to the oblivion of the grave!

Who piled his monument?—who sang his dirge?
Where lingers his remembrance?—who can tell
His struggles and his triumphs? Hath not earth
A single harp to chant his requiem?
A single hand to pile his monument?
None!—none! Oh, what a mockery is fame!
The bard hath perished—and the world forgot!

W. H. B.

TO A CHILD OF SONG.

MINSTREL—I am not known to thee—
But I have heard a tale of wrongs,
That woke my heart's best sympathy,
Which to the suffering e'er belongs—
I've wept that Genius might not give
That boon for which we toil—we live—
The gem which still eludes the eye,
The "pearl" which wealth nor fame can buy—
Pure happiness.

Minstrel!—I know that thou art—
That the world's coldness came o'er thee,
And froze, for e'er, the deep and glad
Stream of thy young felicity:
That bitter disappointment won
Thy heart from its bright, early dream;
And ere meridian day, thy sun
Forgot his first, glad, morning beam—
And shone no more.

That every smile the morning woke,
Was quenched, too soon, in bitter tears—
And every flashing beam that broke,
Exulting o'er thy childish years,
Anon revealed a latent cloud—
A mockery—as it were the shroud
That held in Death's mysterious chains,
Of some loved Hope the dear remains—
Yet mourn thou not.

Adversity hath held thee long
Unto her hard and chilly heart;
That stern embrace shall make thee strong,
And nerve thee for the "better part,"
And the rough lesson, still, will be
The spirit's buckler unto thee:
And daring high, and noble deed,
Shall win for thee the glorious meed
Of deathless fame!

Press on—for one, fond, anxious eye
Looks o'er thy spirit's destiny:
One hand is waiting, now, to twine
The laurels which may soon be thine—
One heart anticipates the strain
Thy restrung lyre shall wake again—
Rise in thy strength—press on! press on!
Fame is but waiting—to be won—
Then why delay?

Thou may'st with alchemy sublime,
Wring immortality from woe—
Fame, from the fleeting scenes of time—
And joy from sorrows, ere they go—
And love from hate—and hope from fear—
And peace from all the discord here—
And Heaven-ward faith from Earth-born strife—
And e'en from Death—Eternal Life!

Minstrel—adieu. CORA.

THOUGHTS.

I know not what of change,
Of joy or woe, another hour may bring!
I cannot tell what scenes may greet my eye,
Or pierce my bosom's inmost core, e'en in
The rapid flight of one brief moment, yet
Unnumbered, yet unborn.

Perchance my heart
May overflow in its excess of joy,
Making the world a home too sweet for Care;
Or the cold hand of Grief may rudely break
Some tuneful chord, too sensitive to meet
The disappointing blights and phrenzied ills
Of this unreal life.

Perchance some friend,
A playmate in the sunny hours of youth,
When Time and Pleasure, wed in harmony,
Flew unmolested on, may welcome back
To Memory's view, the many blissful days
Of childhood sports we shared together then;
And tell how since that time of pleasure won,
That only golden link in life's long chain
That's defecate from human woe, he's sighed,
And laid in anguish down, and eured, and mourned.

Perchance some one I long have fondly loved,
For whom my cheek has worn its brightest smiles,
For whom mine eye has oftentimes shed its tears,
When pain or sorrow rack'd his kindred breast,
Has spurned to be my friend.

Perhaps, too soon,
This heart may weep o'er one laid low in dust,
Whose constant care has ever been to guide
Me safely from the latent ills of vice,
And place my feet within that narrow way
That leads to joy unceasing.

I, perchance,
May breathe my last before another hour
Shall end its change: e'en while my blood runs free
Its errands through this active frame—e'en while
Ambition lures me on from scene to scene—
While hopes are high, and life is in its morn,
Death's unrelenting hand may seal these lips
Which now articulate to thought, and close
In his sad, silent sleep, these tearful eyes!
Oh! dear uncertainty of time to come!
May it be thus, that the frail nothingness
Of earthly joys already reap'd, may teach
My soul, should e'en another day or hour
The great eternal Arbitrer of life
Allot it here, to garner up a store,
Which in its final inquest at the bar
Of Heaven, shall meet the approving plaudit
Of the high God of mercy!

ZELOTES.

SELECTED.

AND, Oh, to list the music of the stars,
When they all sing together, as of erst,
Is a deep love; for, to the delicate sense
Of spirit, there is music in the spheres
That wheel for ever mid the far blue depths
Which men call Heaven.—*Miss F. H. Whipple.*